

CHARIVARIA.

THE victory of the Liberals is really more extensive than many persons imagine. Not only did they poll more votes, but they are also said to have broken more windows, thrown more mud, and told—well, fewer truths, than all the other parties combined.

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has enunciated a theory that the diminution in the number of criminals in gaol just now is due to the excitement about the Election. The huge Liberal majorities are certainly difficult to account for.

And there is no doubt of one thing, namely, that the Liberals understand the labouring classes better than their rivals do. The Tariff Reformers made the great mistake of offering the British Workman more work.

It is a nice question whether beribboned dogs are always a help to a candidate. A feature of at least one Election was a desperate fight between two of these quadrupeds, both of whom were decked out in blue favours.

In a wrestling match at the Lyceum, last week, SMITH defeated SMYTH. Here we have the General Election in a nutshell.

The National Liberal Club proposes to give a banquet to the Liberal and Labour Members. To preserve order, we understand policemen will be placed between the friends wherever they would otherwise be next to one another.

In addition to a Labour Party, we are apparently to have a Belabour Party. Colonel SAUNDERSON has been presented by some admiring Orange-men with a stout blackthorn.

The London County Council's steam-boat policy has resulted in a loss of £51,205 to the ratepayers. And it is now stated that the efficiency of the L.C.C. will be seriously impaired by the election of a number of its members to the House of Commons. Nothing is said about the effect of this change on the efficiency of the House of Commons.

The announcement that the War Department intends to re-arm the whole

of the coast-defence forts with 6-in. and 9-in. guns has caused a dear old lady to write and ask whether these are the new short rifles of which she has heard so much.

It is not the intention of the Admiralty, when the *Dreadnought* is launched, to issue details of this new battleship. We are, however, at liberty to state that she is far larger than a torpedo-boat.

We understand that, to avoid the incon-

is expected that they will soon sober down.

We understand that the sentence of imprisonment passed on WILLETT, the Pirate King, carries with it the loss of his title.

"Photographs of sweethearts on finger-nails" is, according to a contemporary, Society's latest fad, and we are all agog with excitement to know whether it will spread to toes.

A popular Bradford cab-horse who had been condemned to be shot took part in a procession to the place of his execution. He is reported to have thought it a nice funeral.

The French Authors' Society is preparing a scheme which, if extended to England, should make theatre-going, even with us, a pleasure. Attached to the theatre will be roomy corridors, large smoking-rooms, telephone call-rooms, reading-rooms, and restaurants, and it will not be necessary to see the play at all.

On the site of a Roman encampment at Warborough, Wiltshire, an ancient ring has been found which, from its inscription, is believed to have belonged to BUERRIED, King of Mercia. As there is no record in history of His Majesty's having lost it, it is thought that he must have intentionally buerried it.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

THERE is, we understand, no foundation for the rumour that Mr. BOTTOMLEY has arranged to pair throughout the session with Mr. MARKS.

A Novel Situation.

"PARTRIDGE Wyandotte Hens, Pullets, cross-bred wishes a situation as Indoor Servant or Hotel Incubator and Foster-Mother."—*Irish Times*.

The Servant Problem—A Solution.

WANTED—COMPETENT YOUNG NURSE, for one child, good chance; man kept. [*Daily News Advertiser* (Vancouver).]

A Little Late for the Fair?

"AGITATOR wanted. Capacity about 600 gallons."—*Glasgow Herald*.



THE L.C.C. RECENTLY VOTED A SUM OF MONEY FOR PUTTING UP SIGN-BOARDS TO POINT THE WAY TO THE NEAREST RIVER-PIER. ECONOMY BEING THE ORDER OF THE DAY, WHY NOT MAKE USE OF OUR PUBLIC STATUES—SUCH AS ONE OF THOSE ROUND THE GLADSTONE PEDESTAL IN THE STRAND?

venience of overcrowding, King ALFONSO suggested that the representatives of the various newspapers should elect a committee of six to watch his courtship.

A lady who made a provision in her will for the erection of an artistic monument in London has been declared by the Court to have been of unsound mind.

With reference to the half-a-dozen carriages which jumped the rails on the District Railway last week, we are informed that, being new carriages, they were naturally young and frisky, but it

THE DETACHMENT OF PRÉNDERBY.

I THINK if I were intoxicated with success I should never go to MAURICE PRÉNDERBY in the hope of having a fresh garland twined in my hair. I should as soon think of putting my head under a pump; so temperate he is, and so potent a cause of temperance in others. To breathe his atmosphere is to be reduced from boiling point, or raised from zero, to a steady mean of 55° Fahrenheit. With too much imagination to take up tacitly his heritage of Conservatism, and with too nice a sense of humour and too catholic a gift for seeing things from all points of view to make a perfect Radical, he has reached, through much searching of the heart, to the detached status of a Cross-bencher; of what the Americans, with their happier feeling for euphony, have styled a Mugwump. To him, then, I went, as to a dweller in Gilead, for philosophic balm.

"Well," I said, "the pendulum has swung to some purpose."

"Pendulum," said PRÉNDERBY, "is hardly the word. It implies a simple reaction in obedience to Nature's unchallenged laws. What has happened to you, in the fine, figurative language of Mr. HORRIDGE, the better man than ARTHUR BALFOUR (Manchester has said he is, and what Manchester says to-day, England, etc., etc.) 'is not a defeat; it is not a rout; it's a *débâcle*.' And you have yourselves largely to thank. In 1900 you refused to give Nature a chance of running her natural course; you preferred to make your now notorious khaki appeal. I don't blame you. After all, your side has so small a *répertoire* of appeals to popular passion. The Empire is about the only one; while the others have a score of them—free breakfasts, no taxes for the poor, abolition of the rich, universal suffrage for man and beast, and all the rest of it. Well, in 1900 you presented your solitary appeal, the last that is likely to be made in our generation to the patriotic instincts of the race, with any hope of success. But it meant, as I say, the damming of Nature's course. Nature does not like dams, and she has had her revenge. The thing has burst, and the ancient landmarks, even the back-to-the-landmarks, such as HENRY CHAPLIN, are swept away."

"But what about our successes in foreign policy?"

"My dear man," replied PRÉNDERBY with a quiet note of pity in his voice, "have you yet to learn that a Government's virtues are accounted a gift of fortune to the country at large; only its sins remain its own. In point of fact, the last two years, the period which has seen your greatest diplomatic triumphs,—the *entente* with France, and the second Japanese alliance—have been fatal to your chances. They robbed you of the one argument on which you might have rested your claim to be returned to power, namely, the fear of foreign complications. They left the country free to rivet its attention on its pockets and its stomach."

"Then you think," said I, "that Free Trade has been the single issue at this Election?"

"I think nothing of the kind," said PRÉNDERBY. "Short of a *referendum* there is no human means available for accurately gauging the nation's views on any single issue. Our so-called appeals to the country are useless for this purpose, because they are allowed to determine the fate of a Government; and that means that all sorts of extraneous issues are introduced."

"And why," I asked, "don't we adopt this elementary device of the *referendum*?"

"For the good reason," said PRÉNDERBY, "that English politicians have always regarded the opinion of the nation as the last thing to be directly consulted as to what is good for it. We make a point of mixing our issues so as to confuse its judgment. If, and when, the average British citizen attains to the intelligence, say, of a Norwegian, we shall adopt the *referendum*. Members will be elected on general principles, and then, if a new question suddenly arises, such as this of Tariff

Reform, the Government of the day will ask for the nation's special mandate, without resigning or dissolving; will accept its verdict for or against, and go on governing as usual. As it is, with our present antiquated system, we cannot tell whether this last Election has turned on Tariff Reform, or Education, or the Trades Disputes Bill, or Trams, or Chinese Labour, or any of a dozen other issues, or just an amalgam of the lot. But of one thing I am confident, that, apart from the victories of your friends and mine, and perhaps a few others, this Election has not turned on the personality of candidates. You remember a Radical called CORDEN BLOGG of our year at the 'Varsity?"

"The Non-Coll. man that made noises at the Union?"

"The same. Well, he got in for some borough with a new lower-middle-class electorate at one of the earliest polls. The man he threw out had a touch of true statesmanship, and was regarded by the best judges on both sides of the House as likely to have a brilliant career. On the day after the Election I happened to meet BLOGG, flushed and perky, just outside the National Liberal Club, where he was about to enter and receive the acclamations of the hall-porter. One may sometimes trace a certain modesty in a victor's eye, when he attributes his triumph to the virtue of his cause, rather than his own. No such sign of humility tempered the elation of BLOGG. He had the air of a man convinced that his personal valour had done it; that the people, by an unerring sagacity, had chosen the better candidate. I thought again of the recorded words of Mr. HORRIDGE, in his hour of triumph: 'I have aimed at the Leader of the Unionist Party, and I have laid him low!'

"Ten days later, when the Liberal majority was well over 300, I met BLOGG again. I fancied I detected a hint of chagrin about the square setting of his resolute jaw. 'Our numbers,' he said jocosely, 'are getting almost unwieldy. Some of us gave the party too good a start!' He carried it off with the jaunty good humour of a giant who cannot always control his strength to a nicety. But I could easily guess what bitter reflections underlay this confession of superfluous force. I could see how annoyed he was that his own triumph should lose its distinction through the success of Just Anybody who had stood for the popular cause. Thoughtless people would come to believe that he, no less than his party, had been borne to heaven, with scarce a voice in the matter, by the same impersonal flood-tide that wrecked their adversaries on the rocks."

"I confess I derived a sneaking pleasure from the damaged conceit of CORDEN BLOGG. On the other hand there are some new Liberal Members (I speak of my personal friends) with enough of individual charm and distinction to carry them to victory any day on their own merits; and in the very act of congratulation I have felt that it must a little blunt the sharpness of their joy to reflect into how strange a *colluvies* of odds and ends this same flood-tide has washed them. Curiously enough, I have not found them so sensitive to their surroundings as I could have wished. However, time will tell."

"I can hardly doubt it," I said. "The future, indeed, looms full of promise. When the first sharp shock of defeat is over, I shall find it a very true 'bliss to be alive.'"

"But to be young were very heaven!" added PRÉNDERBY, and sighed.

"There I differ," I said, almost cheerfully. "For the first time I draw solace from the fact that I am past my prime. I want to assist at the next Act or so of this drama, but not to live to see the end."

"And now, my dear PRÉNDERBY, I go; but I shall shortly return to get your answer to a conundrum whose solution has so far been beyond me. I desire particularly—assuming that Free Trade has been, as the Free Trade Party asserts, the dominant, if not the sole, issue at this Election—I desire particularly to know how it is that, while you, with your



DESIRABLE ALIENS.

[The "Venus and Cupid" of Velasquez, and Mr. Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," were both last week secured for the National Collection.]



Nervous Player (deprecatingly playing card). "I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO PLAY. I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF."
Partner (re-assuringly). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I DON'T SEE WHAT ELSE YOU COULD HAVE DONE!"

intelligence and wide reading in economics, still find the arguments for Free and Fair Trade almost evenly balanced, and hesitate to ally yourself with either camp, I find that the yokel, the bus-conductor, the bagman, and the bargee have found no sort of difficulty in making up their minds on this abstruse question at the first time of hearing, but have readily brought their intellects into line with the policy of the Liberal leaders. Please think this out, my dear PRENDERBY; and so farewell."

I went my way, somewhat relieved, but not completely light-hearted. To speak truth, I felt that PRENDERBY had needlessly dissipated his sense of humour. Had I not known him well I might have doubted whether, after all, he had been so abundantly dowered with this priceless gift. Perhaps the occasion did not encourage facetiousness. With men of his temperate mode of thought, flood-tides and the like often make for depression. But this should correct itself. I would give him another chance at a further sitting. O. S.

SCENE—Early closing district.

Candidate (rather tired of heckling, to Scots audience, exclusively male and non-teetotal). Well, gentlemen, I am enjoying this Meeting very much, but in view of the fact that it is now 9-30 and some of you will have some little—er—shopping to do, I propose—

[General rush for doors.

ACCORDING to *The Nottingham Evening News* the recent fire at Trent College "is supposed to have originated from the burning of a mistress put to air before a gas-stove in the music-room." We are very glad to learn that no one, not even the lady who was being aired, suffered the least injury. But it was a risky experiment.

THE CANDIDATE'S GLOSSARY.

(For Use at Future Elections.)

"GENTLEMEN"	means Your supporters.
"A section of political hooligans"	" The other man's.
"One who has ever at heart—"	" You.
"An individual (laughter) who shall be nameless"	" Him.
"Are we seriously to believe—?"	" That he is a liar.
"Deliberate misrepresentation"	" That he has called you one.
"Enthusiasm for the cause"	" That your side has smashed his windows.
"Bounders with brickbats"	" That his side has smashed yours.
"In seconding resolution can but echo... contest... both sides... strictly honourable"	" If we could only prove those five shillings!
"This truly magnificent verdict"	" A majority for you.
"A result by no means without encouragement"	" One for him.

Reflected Glory.

First Woman. Who cares for you? It's not so long since you was pulled up before the Bench for assault, and fined.

Second Woman. You mind what you're saying. My BILL's a Hem. P. now!

A PROFESSION OF FAITH.

"You don't mean to tell me you have given up art!" I asked, in surprise. Considering the season, the day was an ideal one for his profession, yet he was not sitting beside his chalk masterpieces on the pavement at the corner of Burgess Street, as was usual at this hour, but lolling comfortably on one of the benches in the Tothill Square Recreation Ground, communing luxuriously with his pipe. I had not seen him for some months, and it struck me he had grown rosier and stouter. "Surely they have not had the heart to move you on?" I asked again.

"When 'll there be another Gen'ral Eleckshun—d' you 'appen to know?" he said, ignoring my question.

I told him that, considering the Government's majority, there was no likelihood of one for some years to come.

"An' you don't 'appen to recall when it'll be the Dook er WELLINGTON's centeenery?"

I told him that I believed it would not occur until 1952 or thereabouts.

"That's bad," he ruminated. "Then I shall just 'ave to make shift with funerals. They're allus dyin'—that's one comfort." I sat down at the other end of the bench and waited.

"Changed my profession since I see you," he explained, shifting his wooden leg to an easier posture. "Young man what used to do my drorin's got pinched. Gent's dressin' case. Paddin' ton Station. Six months they give 'im. So, o' course, I 'ad to make a change. Sold the pitch for two quid to a chap what does 'is own drorin's."

"Then what are you doing now?" I asked. "Bootlaces?"

"Bootlaces!" His contempt was terrible. "What d' yer take me for? Bootlaces!! Not much. I've been workin' the crahds. No, I don't mean what you mean. I don't 'old with doin' things you'll be ashamed of doin' if you're twigg'd a-doin' of 'em. My sister BELLER been an' married into the second-and clothes line. Vaux'all Bridge way. She put me up to it—and that there Nelson centeenery. Remember the day all them crahds was in the Square? I was a Greenidge pensh'ner that day. Just stood under the Column—you know, like I'd forgot where I was. An' cried, an' every two or three minutes I'd pull myself up straight, wooden leg foremost, an' take me 'at in me 'and an' saloot, with the tears a streamin' down me face. Close on two quid, I made, inside of two hours. Never said a word, mind you. They just come sidlin' up an' slipped it into my 'and, like they was ashamed. There was a Frenchie there, too. Tried to kiss me, 'e did. An' no

end of old lydies with their shillin's an' sixpences. Orlright—it was."

"I suppose they mistook you for one of NELSON's crew?" I said.

"Shouldn't wonder if they did—now you come to mention it," he agreed.

"But the General Election?"

"Oh—that. When they was showin' the figgers—for 'oo'd won 'ere in London, you know. 'Eaps of people waitin' abaht. I was there, night after night, I was. In the crahd. An', as they put up the figgers, I'd keep my eyes open for any benevolent old gent as was dancin' with joy, like lots of 'em did—an' I'd say to 'im, 'I'm a bit short-sighted, I am. Would yer be so good as to tell me 'oo's won?' An' when 'e tol' me, I'd lift my 'at in my 'ands an' say, 'Eaven be thanked!' twice over—reverent like—that I 'ave lived ter see this day!' Ten ter one 'e'd part at that. An' if 'e didn't I'd go on ter tell 'im—sobbin' quiet like, that I'd been a life-long victim to cheap foreign labour under Free Trade, or that I could remember the awful times we used ter suffer under the crule old days er Proteckshun, accordin' to which side 'ad won. BELLER put me up to the patter—she's a wonder is BELLER, an' nothin' shorter. Did it pay me? I should smile. I on'y wish they'd 'ave a General Eleckshun every three weeks er so."

"I didn't know you were short-sighted," I commented. He only shook his venerable locks at me reprovingly. "They can't 'elp dyin' though—all the time—some of 'em."

"You mean Members of Parliament?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Don't mind 'oo they are, so long's they're well enough known to draw a crahd. I'm got up all in black, wif a 'at-band. Shabby, but very clean—pore but honest, like it might be. 'Angs abaht altside the church—or the ceming'tery—like I wanted to get in, but too 'umble-minded. Cryin'? What do you think? An' a talkin' to myself. 'So good he was to me, like that. You don't 'appen to 'ave 'eard of anyone as is likely? Bein' ill?'"

I could not think of anyone at the moment.

"On'y fault I've got ter find with it—it means such a lot er 'angin' abaht an' waitin'. I 'ad 'oped there might a been somethin' to be done wif the Dook er WELLINGTON—'tween now an' Benkolidy. BELLER's got a Chelsea Pensh'ner's rig-out as does me a treat. Anyway, it's a sight better 'n settin' all 'unched up on the col' pavemings. With always the chanst of someone comin' along a-arstin' of you to do somethin' right off out of your 'ead. Wotsay?"

I said I thought there was no doubt about it.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Winston Churchill to Lord Elgin.

DEAR ELGIN,—If you will call at my house to-morrow morning at ten, I shall be pleased to give you my instructions regarding the Government's Colonial Policy for the coming year.

Yours faithfully,

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster to

Mr. St. John Brodrick.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Words cannot express my feelings on hearing of your defeat. However, although you will not be amongst us, whenever the defects of the War Office come up for discussion in the House I shall think of you.

Believe me to be as much yours as ever,

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Lord Rosebery.

MY DEAR ROSEBERY,—In your regrettable absence we have done as well as might have been expected.

I am writing to say that I am on the look-out for a new Junior Lord of the Treasury, FREEMAN-THOMAS having been defeated. If, therefore, you care to accept the position *pro tem.* (until, in fact, THOMAS finds another seat) I shall be glad to recommend your name.

Yours, H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE."

(From our Special Correspondent at Biarritz.
Dated Jan. 26, 1906.)

TO-DAY has been a day of events. At 10.30 I motored on my 80-h.p. Pantard, disguised as an Archduke, to the Villa Mouriscot. A queue of 130 journalists were waiting at the gates to send in their cards. I thought the number of gendarmes present, twenty and a sergeant, ridiculously inadequate. We got through the gates with little difficulty. They were only of cast-iron, not wrought.

While spinning up the avenue to the house I was snap-shotted five times from behind evergreen shrubs, and once by *The Daily Tit-Bi's* representative disguised as a cork-tree. The disguise was very tolerably carried out, but a wireless-telegraphy pole only half-hidden in the branches was slightly injudicious. We gave him a clear four inches.

My motor was at the door of the Villa almost before the gendarmes at the gate had picked themselves up. Flinging my sable cloak and some gold to the flunkies, I strode through the hall. I quickly noted that the grandfather-clock was occupied by the correspondent of *Le Hig-Lif*. A beginner. Rather *cieux jeu*, this device.

A major-domo advanced towards me,

and with an imperious wave off the hand I bade him conduct me instant to the Royal presence. He demurred. "The young Princess and His Majesty were alone in the drawing-room and on no account to be disturbed," he said. However, I pacified him.

Striding onwards, I reached the door of the drawing-room. It was closed, and the key was in the lock. A muffled whispering through the crack of the door tantalised me greatly. I took out part of a panel with my centre-bit. It was a not unhandy piece of work.

The Royal pair were there, as the enclosed film will show. I had to give a somewhat lengthy exposure, on account of the subdued lighting of the room. The fumes of chloroform wafted to me from the prostrate major-domo were a little trying.

My interview—if one might so term it—was prematurely cut short through the crass stupidity of the *Hig-Lif* man, who rang twelve chimes on the grandfather-clock instead of eleven. The Royal couple started up hastily, and I became entangled in the skeleton-legs of my camera, thus falling an easy prey to King ALFONSO.

I escaped from prison after lunch, with the loss of my gun-cotton handkerchief.

Later.—I hear that 2000 tons of barbed-wire fencing and a battery of pom-poms are being hurried down the line from Bordeaux, but you may reckon with certainty on a further communication from your devoted correspondent.

INTERLUDE.

"Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

Now that the chains of office fall
From your unfettered hands,
North Berwick and St. Andrews call
You to their yellow sands.
No Fiscal Bogey there shall shock,
No faithless clique betray;
Nor any spiteful motions block
The order of the day.

No Party Whips the strokes shall tell;
No need on either side
Of the shrill summons of a bell,
Or closure, to divide.
No standing orders for your stance;
No Terrace for your tee;
No SPEAKER'S eye to catch the glance
That on your ball should be.

Your fault alone if you must fear
The influence of the Press,—
Not the whole world, one tiny sphere
Is all you need address.
Tighten your grip! Stand fast! Correct
What points correction need;
To keep the honour, recollect
You must retain the lead.



THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

(Pheasants coming very high over tall trees.)

Gun (after twelve successive misses). "BEASTLY THINGS MUST BE OUT OF RANGE. OUGHT TO BE SHOT FROM THE OTHER SIDE."

Loader. "WHAT OTHER SIDE, SIR?"

Gun. "SKY, OF COURSE!"

More Commercial Candour.

"THE EDITRESS of the —, No. 1 out on Friday, will give £10 in prizes to the news-agent who displays her journal to the best advantage. . . . The — will be the best sell of the week."

Another New Paper.

It is rumoured that a rival to *The Westminster Gazette* is about to be started entitled *The Exminister Gazette*. It will be edited by MR. BALFOUR and sub-edited by MR. LATTELTON; while among the contributors will be MR. BRODRICK and LORD STANLEY. It will be printed on very green paper.

Political Intelligence.

At a meeting in Radnorshire someone bored the gaspipes, with the result that, according to *The Morning Leader*, "gas was escaping." As a rule at political meetings the escape of gas is the cause and not the result of the boring.

"OUT-HERODING 'HEROD.'"

CERTAINLY, with *Nero* at His Majesty's Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has gone one better than with his *Herod* at the same theatre. So also has Mr. BEERHOHN TREE. A splendid spectacle. But a play, in the full sense of interesting and thrilling plot dramatically carried out, it is not. Women and men may come and go, may talk much, and so admirably deliver the lines that poet STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given them as justly to win the heartiest appreciation of a highly intelligent audience, and to receive thoroughly well-merited applause; but, with the exception of three notable situations, two of which are most powerful, there is very little dramatic action in this play. Though there be great dramatic effect, dramatic continuity and development of character, yet are these not "butchered," but sacrificed, with grandest ceremonial rites, "to make a Roman holiday."

It is difficult to see where Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given Mr. TREE, as *Nero*, any one really fine scene. Mr. TREE's make-up is most artistic; as years progress, sensuality and cruelty line his painted face, and he looks what *Nero* was, a monster of depravity, in whom the light of conscience had been extinguished for ever.

Mrs. TREE, as *Agrippina*, *Nero's* mother, has a distinctly fine part, and plays it admirably. It may not be a perfect performance, but whether some apparent imperfections are to be considered as attributes of the character, or not, is a question that cannot be determined off-hand after only witnessing a *première*.

The most sensational situation is the sudden death, by poison, of young *Britannicus*, Mr. ESME PERCY, whose fall, headlong down the marble steps, absolutely struck terror into the audience. "Oh, what a fall was there!" It will be ever memorable in histrionic annals. Fine, too, is the end of this Act, where *Nero*, the conscience-stricken fratricide, confronts his mother, and makes *her* responsible for his guilt, as the curtain falls on a scene of wild disorder.

The strongest dramatic effect in the play is powerfully impressed on the audience by the acting of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Poppæa*, and of Mr. C. W. SOMERSET as *Tigellinus*, the crafty Minister, when they, in deadly silence, fearfully await the three signals that shall announce the death of *Agrippina*. Here was genuine acting: it was perfect. On this finely devised and superbly rendered situation the curtain descended.

Mr. LYN HARDING, whose *Bill Sikes* was so admirable, has not much to do except to be rough and ready, as Guglielmus Sikeius would have been, in the capacity of *Burrus*, *Nero's* Minister of War.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD played *Acte*, a graceful captive Princess, where and why taken prisoner it was not easy to ascertain from any hints dropped in the general conversation. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER looked the Roman lady, played the unfaithful wife, and died effectively as an invalid, after a long and inexplicable illness. Perhaps she was poisoned. *Nero* knows: nobody else does, except, perhaps, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS. As *Poppæa's* soldierly husband *Otho*, Mr. BASIL GILL was excellent; he had one short scene with his treacherous wife, of which both of them made the most. *Otho* is a sort of Uriah the Hittite, sent on active service by the EMPEROR, who is passionately enamoured of *Poppæa*, and who, speaking in the old-fashioned language of melodrama, "must and will possess" her.

I do not know if the ladies who take the small "speaking parts," and those who swell the crowd, are pupils of the dramatic school in which Mr. TREE teaches acting in all its branches, but anyhow they are most promising pupils, and do thorough justice to their able instructor. *Arboris floreat Academia*.

To carefully criticise Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR's music and its execution under the skilled direction of Mr. ADOLF SCHMID

is, after this one hearing, well-nigh impossible. It is difficult indeed to say more than that it seemed exactly to illustrate the situations. There was not too much of it: it was appropriate: and it appeared to be used as an accompaniment to action precisely when it was wanted.

The curtain finally descends on a grand scene of Rome in flames. *Nero* has indeed "painted the town red," and somewhat recalling the boy "on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and saved themselves, he, like the lunatic incendiary at large that he is, paces up and down a terrace playing the lyre, and the fool at the same time, as a fit Hanwellian accompaniment to the awful catastrophe brought about by his Colney-hatched plot. It is a weird, maniacal, but dramatically unsatisfactory, finish. The conflagration still rages as the audience go out.

On the occasion of this most interesting and successful *première* the last to leave the house was the popular dramatist, descendant of so unworthy a Roman who was as poet, playwright, and artist, only an Imperial amateur, and sad was it to note the look of chastened sorrow and deepest regret on his intellectual countenance, as Mr. P. NERO quitted his stall, and walked silently out into the comparatively chilly night.

Mr. TREE, who has sent to Poet PHILLIPS a laurel crown which he declined to wear as being "too big for him," may rest upon the laurels which have not been made into a crown, and congratulate himself, his wife, and company, on a remarkable and quite exceptional success, a very "Blaze of Triumph!"

THE HIGHER LIFE.

[Canon BARNETT, writing in *The Tribune*, pleads for University education for the working man. "Here," he says, "is a call for legislation. Oxford and Cambridge might be compelled to put a fair share of their resources at the service of workmen."]

WHAT, what has become of the labouring men who used to support the pubs,
The dockyard crew and the plumber too, and the caddie who carried our clubs?

O whither has vanished the ox-like HODGE with the neck of a Highland bull,
And the muscular band who dug up the Strand whenever the Strand was full?

Stout HODGE has left the acres of mud that he tramped in his hob-nailed boots;

No longer he weeds the turnips and swedes—he's taken to Sanskrit roots;

And the lass that he loved in the long ago has lost her faithless man—

Poor milkmaid JANE awaits him in vain—he's wedded forever to *air*.

There's nothing the plumber will drain to-day—not even a pint of swipes;

He sports his oak and refuses to smoke because it reminds him of pipes;

And he'd sadly regret all the years he has spent in learning to solder and plumb

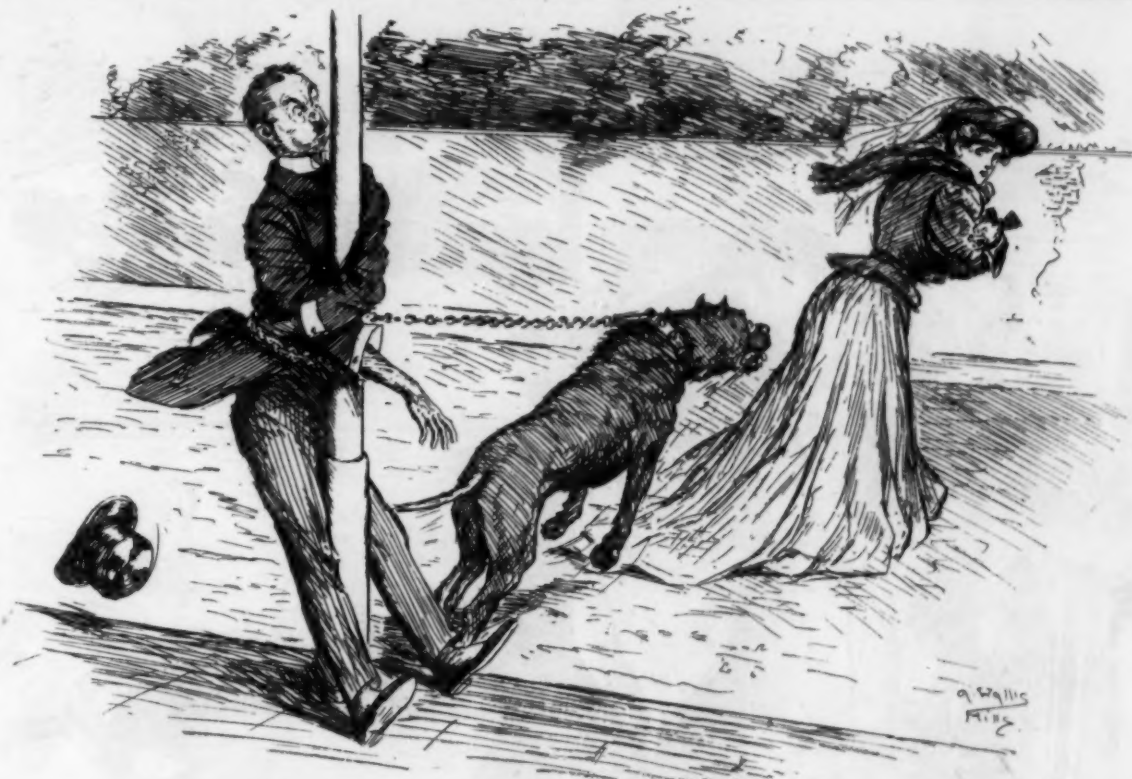
Were it not in the fates that a knowledge of grates should assist him to pass *Litt. Hum.*

The burglar's at home in his college rooms; he's used to living in quods;

And he's quite at his ease with his cribs and keys, so he hopes for a first in *Meds.*

Through the darkest passage he finds his way, as cool as a lump of ice,

And his purple past should fit him at last for playing the rôle of Vice.



Extract from Letter:—"THAT LITTLE MR. SMITH MUST BE VERY STRONG. HE WOULD NOT LET GO, AND HUNG ON MOST HEROICALLY, WHILE I RAN FOR MY LIFE WITH FIDO!"

PARTURIUNT DENTES . . .

PRONE in the dentist's torture-chair,
With drumming fists, erectile hair,
And tapping of the boots,
I lay, and watched the long hours go,
While nerve on nerve our Common Foe
Grappled, and wrenched, all quivering, from its roots.

I was not merry. Postured thus,
One rarely feels hilarious;
And, as that icy screw
Plied its dread office, I confess
I wept; and in my bitterness
I cursed my day. And cursed the dentist too.

When lo! as oft, when skies are gray,
The sparkling Regent of the Day
Leaps from behind a cloud,
So on my tortured being broke
The sudden rapture of a joke,
So rich, so radiant, that I laughed aloud!

My jaws were gagged. My mouth was full
(Ah me!) of rolls of cotton-wool.
The sound, I must admit,
Had less of laughter than the note
Known as a rattle in the throat.
The operator nearly had a fit.

Pale to the lips with sudden dread,
He loosed the gag, and raised my head,
And gave me drink to quaff.

I told him that I had but thought
Of something funny. It was nought.
I said, "Confound you, can't a fellow laugh?"

He scorched me with a fiery eye;
And said that I could sob, or sigh,—
Such was the common lot;
But that the noise of one that laughed
Outraged the canons of his craft;
And, as he grimly urged, "I'd better not."

Thinking a dentist, when annoyed,
Is quite a person to avoid,
I left him with a sneer,
To cast abroad my *jeu d'esprit*,
With view to pay the ruffian's fee,
And stimulate a doting Public's cheer.

O Readers, when I wandered thence,
My heart was fat with confidence;
I *knew* that all was well;
Yet am I now, if truth be told,
E'en as that pessimist of old,
Who said he never nursed a young gazelle.

For "oh, the heavy change!" (It shows
That after all one never knows.)
I would have bet my money
That humour in a dentist's chair
Ought to be humour anywhere—
And, now I'm out of it, it isn't funny. DUM-DUM.



Onlooker. "AN' 'TWERE ONLY T'OTHER DAY AS JARGE SAID 'E DIDN'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HOME RULE!"

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Being Reflections, by a highly-strung Tory, on the Eccentricities of Parliamentary Nomenclature.)

O ENGLAND, why count upon claiming
The nations' continued respect,
When euphony's laws in the naming
Of Members you grossly neglect?
It may be that I have, unduly
Developed, the musical bump,
But surnames like CROOKS or GILMOOLY,
They give me the bump.

I haven't the smallest objection
To hearing a spade called a spade
By the violent friends of Protection
Or the truculent foes of Fair Trade;
My appetite's normal; on porridge
My fast ev'ry morning I break;
But when BALFOUR was ousted by HORRIDGE
It made my heart ache.

When political bruiser meets bruiser,
And one of the parties is "downed,"

A querulous tone in the loser
Won't help him to win the next
round.

But when you are in for a licking
Because of the pendulum's swing,
If the name of your victor's McMICKING
It adds to the sting.

I regard the encroachment of Labour
Without one disquieting qualm;
The return of my gasfitting neigh-
bour

I treat with a dignified calm;
The humours of Samuel Gerridge
In Caste I have always admired;
But the advent of HORRIDGE and BEE-
RIDGE—

That makes me feel tired!

Some Parliaments, history teaches,
Have earned a continuing fame
By their length, or the strength of their
speeches,
By glory, or even by shame,

But *this*, while there's mustard in Nor-
wich,

And while there are pigs in Athlone,
By the triumph of BERRIDGE and HORRIDGE
Will surely be known.

Mems about Members.

MR. JOHN BURNS, although he is now
a Cabinet Minister, still continues his
old habit of entering his house at Batter-
sea by means of the doorway.

No one who knows Mr. JAMES BRYCE
would suppose that his favourite recrea-
tion was walking backwards up a spiral
wire.

It is not generally believed that Mr.
"LULU" HARCOURT is a member of the
Russian Secret Service.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is some years
the junior of his father, Mr. JOSEPH
CHAMBERLAIN.



Aubrey Vincent Beardsley. 1906

THROUGH!





Old Gentleman. "HOW BEAUTIFUL THE TREES LOOK WITH THEIR COATING OF WHITE FROST!"

Keeper. "IT'S AS I 'AVE SAID MANY A TIME, SIR. THESE 'ERE WHITE FROSTS BEAT NATUR' HOLLER. BUT FOLKS ONLY SMILE WHEN I TELL 'EM SO."

THE REASON WHY.

[SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S language has been described as windy.]

We've had some windy nights of late,
Sir H. C.-B., and now they state
That you're another, when you prate,
And when you rail.
But we'll excuse you for that same;
If you are windy, why, small blame,
'Tis Nature's fault, for by your name
You're half a Gael!

THE BOOK OF THE DAY.

A BELATED REVIEW.

We do not say that we came to this great volume with any prejudice against it, but we admit to a dislike of the cover. Now, however, we are bound to say that it is undoubtedly the book of the day. More—the book of the year. Scarcely a moment passes, since it has been in

our possession, but we have found ourselves turning its pages, every one of which has some message for us, some helping phrase, or some familiar picture from which it is hard to tear the gaze.

We never saw a book with such a wealth of pictures, many of them in colours and fascinating in their realism; just like life. It must surely inaugurate a new era in illustration. But neither artist's name nor author's is given. We should doubt if either text or drawings could be the work of one man; a syndicate rather; but surely honour should be given where honour is due. Think of a volume of 1223 pages, and not a dull line, and yet no hint as to authorship or editorship! And at this day, too, when so many journalists seem to exist merely to draw attention to books and authors.

We read all the literary papers, but not one has said a word of this volume. It is allowed to pass unnoticed, in spite

of its huge circulation and encyclopædic information. We see the praises of this novelist and that poet, this biographer and that traveller, but nothing of the book before us. Must the brightest and best lights be always hidden under bushels?

It is a book for old and young alike. The young are indeed pampered by it, after the new fashion. If any one doubts this, let him look at page 1003.

Travellers often give lists of the three or four books which they take with them on their perilous journeys and read and read again; but we have never seen this work mentioned. And yet there is nothing so various, so packed, as this, nothing that would so bring to their minds memories of home or plans for the future.

We do not say it is perfect. There are many cases where the interest suddenly stops and others where, in our opinion, the *mot juste* is lacking; the style is

jerky; now and then the transition from one subject to another is extraordinarily abrupt, as when the writer, having exhausted all he has to say on art, turns swiftly to the consideration of physic. But when an author takes all life for his province he may be pardoned if he does not spend too much time in passing gradually from theme to theme. Looked at as a whole it is a very remarkable book, and we shall dip into it again and again.

It is a Stores List.

WORKERS IN THE CAUSE.

(A Reminiscence of the Elections.)

"IRENE," said ALICE suddenly, interrupting a duologue on hats. "I suppose you are going canvassing?"

IRENE opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, no, ALICE! And please, please, don't ask me! I simply couldn't!"

"But you mustn't say 'couldn't.' It is your duty to canvass. The Cause wants workers—lots more workers. And you have a motor-car."

"But, ALICE! I really haven't got the nerve. How could I go poking my head into strange people's houses, and saying, 'Vote for —?' By the way, which is the one they have to vote for? RAMSEY, isn't it?"

"IRENE! That's the other one! How can you! Every vote given for RAMSEY is a vote given for Home Rule."

"Oh, is it? I must remember that. It seems so silly not to know."

"And you *will* go canvassing?"

"But I can't! I don't know anything about politics. Fancy if they should want me to argue with them!"

"There isn't any need to argue. I don't ever. All you have to do is to put on your best hat and look nice, and ask them if they have quite made up their minds which way they are going to vote. If they say they are going to vote for the Liberal, you can just talk to them a bit about the weather, and then get away as quickly as you can. If they are going to vote for the Conservative, you ought to stay a little longer, and remind them that next Thursday week is the polling-day. That's all. You see it's quite simple."

"But what if they say they are not going to vote at all?"

"Oh yes, of course, I had forgotten that! That's the most important thing of all. You must then show them one of Mr. WILMINGTON's photographs."

"WILMINGTON? Who's he?"

"IRENE! You're too dreadful! Why, that's our man!"

"Our man? Oh yes, I see! The Conservative candidate, you mean? That's right, isn't it? We are Conservatives, aren't we?"

"Really, I think, perhaps, after all, you had better not go canvassing. You might make some bad mistake."

The prospect of canvassing became suddenly attractive.

"Oh, no, I don't think I should. It seems quite simple. I fancy I shall rather like canvassing. It will be all right so long as I remember our man's name. What did you say it was, again?"

"WILMINGTON."

"Of course, yes! I knew it began with a W. And hadn't I better get up a few of the arguments? They might want to argue with me, you know; and it's just as well to be prepared. Tell me about Mr. What's-his-name's politics. Is he a—what is it that the papers have been making all this fuss about? Oh, I know, is he a Free-Trader or a Protectionist?"

"I'm not sure, I never quite know what the two things mean. I fancy Mr. WILMINGTON doesn't quite know himself. Hadn't you better leave that question alone?"

"Oh, no, but I can't. It's the question of the day. Everybody is certain to discuss it. And I never can recollect whether it's the Free-Traders or the Protectionists that want to shut up all the public-houses. Which is it?"

"I don't know. You had far better learn something that people can understand. 'A Pettieham man for Pettieham' goes down excellently."

"That sounds rather nice. I must make a note of that. Let me see, which is the Pettieham man—ours or the other one?"

"Ours, of course!"

"Thanks. Yes, so it would be. Ah! and there's another thing that I heard somebody talking about. They kept on saying how important it was that the Liberals should get a working majority. What is a working majority?"

"I think it must mean a majority of working-men—of Labour members, you know."

"Oh yes, of course! I shall remember that. Is there anything else I ought to be up in?"

"You'll find that quite enough. I always think that, when one goes canvassing, the less one knows the better. If one knows absolutely nothing, then one can't say anything that's wrong, can one?"

"There's something in that."

Three days later, ALICE met her new recruit motoring home, her face radiant with triumph, and the back of the car adorned with a huge bill—"Vote for RAMSEY and Free Trade."

"Fancy, ALICE!" she cried, exultingly. "I've canvassed a whole street. No end of people promised to vote for me. Isn't it grand?"

"But, IRENE! How could you!

You've been canvassing for the wrong man! RAMSEY is the Liberal!"

"No, ALICE! He isn't, *really*, is he? Are you *quite* sure?"

ALICE nodded grimly.

"However *could* you make such a terrible mistake?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I don't know! I really haven't an idea how I came to do such a silly thing. I made sure our man's name began with a W."

"So it does. But RAMSEY begins with an R."

IRENE's face lightened.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Then it wasn't my fault, after all! You know Dr. TANNER? The man who *will* pronounce his R's like W's."

"Yes, I know him. He's the most dreadful Radical in the whole town."

"Is he? Well, it's all his fault. I met him just as I was starting out; and I told him I was going canvassing. When he asked me for which side, I found I'd lost the paper out of my purse with our man's name on it. What *was* I to do, ALICE? I couldn't go on canvassing without knowing who for. So I told Dr. TANNER that, if he would tell me what the names were, I would tell him which was the right one. Then he said, 'Was it WAMSEY?' I knew that it began with a W; so, of course, I said it *was* WAMSEY, and asked him to lend me a pencil to write it down. Then he said he had something that would do much better; and he went into his house, and fetched out a lot of little cards with 'Vote for RAMSEY' on them."

"Well, you saw then that RAMSEY wasn't spelt with a W?"

"No, I didn't. You see, I was so excited. And Dr. TANNER was *most* nice. He helped to fasten that big placard on the back of the car, and hung two little ones on the side. Then I went canvassing. I was enormously successful."

"You've made a nice muddle of it."

A complacent smile crept into the corners of IRENE's mouth.

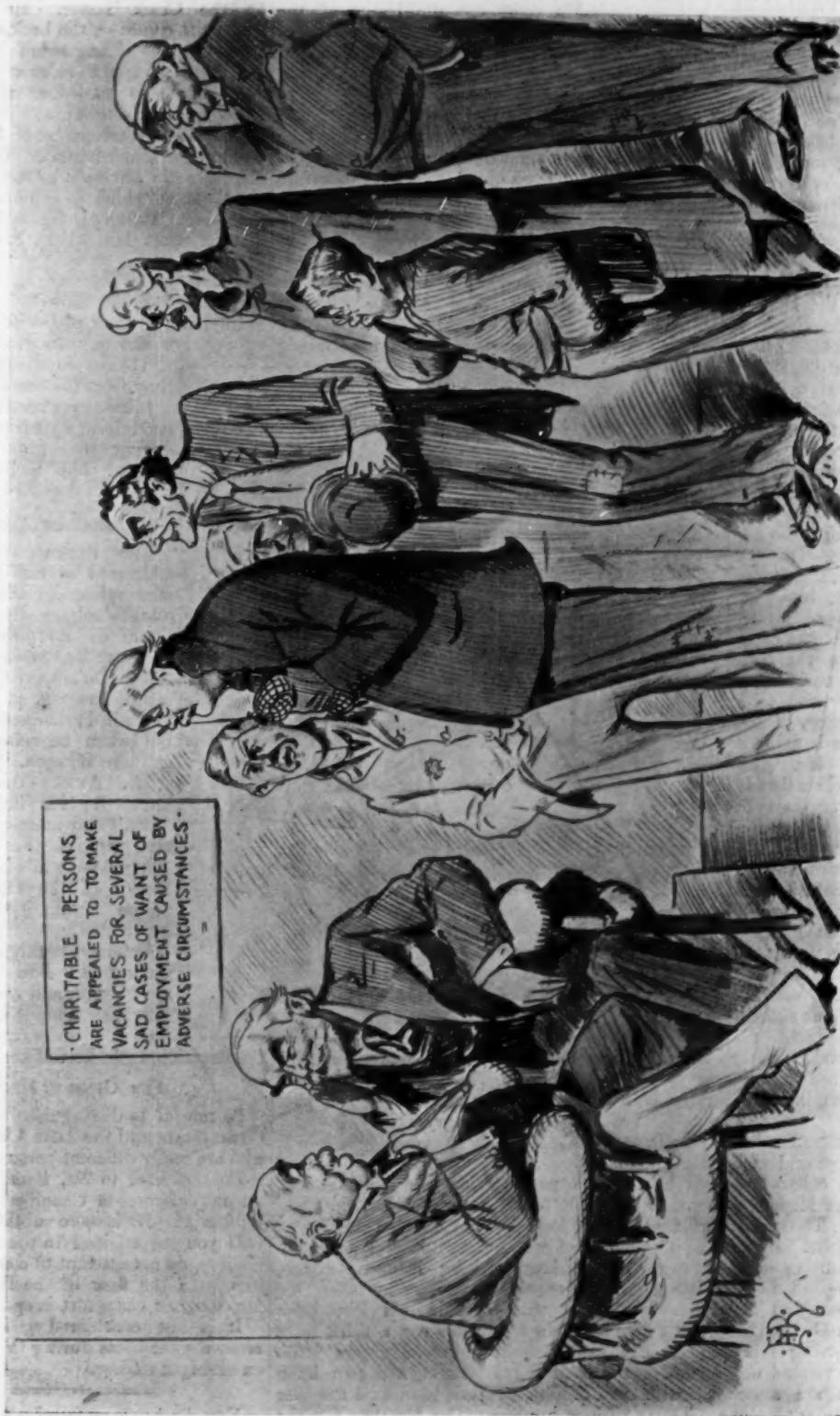
"I do hope you'll be able to put it all right again. Because I really think I made rather an impression. Every man I saw I got to promise to vote for RAMSEY. One man said that, if all the Royal Family were to come and argue with him for an hour, he wouldn't go back on his word. He was quite earnest about it."

"It seems rather a pity you went canvassing at all, doesn't it?"

"Well, *you* made me. We were talking sensibly about hats at the time, and I told you I didn't understand canvassing. Whereas, hats, now—"

"That reminds me. I've just seen the most delicious new design in—"

[Left handling a topic they really do understand.]



A DEPUTATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Sir Henry C.-B. "ARTHUR BALFOUR, A PHILANTHROPIC GENTLEMAN IN THE CITY, IS, AT GREAT INCONVENIENCE TO HIMSELF, MAKING A SITUATION FOR YOU,—YOU ARE VERY FORTUNATE. WITH REGARD TO THE REST OF THE DEPUTATION, I AM AFRAID, GENTLEMEN,—AND IN THIS I HAVE THE FULL CONCURRENCE OF MY RIGHT HON. FRIEND,—I CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU. YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT WITH EXEMPLARY PATIENCE FOR VACANCIES AS THEY ARISE."

THE YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY HAND-BOOK.

So many of the legislators who have been returned to the Parliament which is just opening are young or inexperienced that *Mr. Punch*, always paternal and philanthropic, has spent considerable time in collecting for their guidance a number of hints and cautions. Only by properly understanding these can success at St. Stephen's be assured.

DRESS.

There is no hard and fast line to be drawn here. In the House, as in the street or the home, dress is largely a matter of personal taste. None the less it is customary in the House to retain one's coat even on hot nights, and when wearing spats, to have them of the same colour on each foot. At the Local Government Board the blue serge of a strenuous life is *de rigueur*, and suits of this material may be obtained at low rates of the Mayor of Battersea. Under an artificial light, blue becomes black, thus bringing the wearer into line with evening decorum. In the dog-days white duck trousers may be worn with impunity as a tribute to the memory of Mr. BOWLES. In regard to hats the example of Mr. KEIR HARDIE makes it clear that to wear a deer-stalker does not involve the stigma of owning a deer forest.

The larger Tories are addicted to frock-coats. It is understood that a number of these excellent garments, all in good condition, from the wardrobe of Mr. CHAPLIN (who no longer has any use for them), will be on sale shortly in the Lobby. Tariff reformers add an orchid, but this is not compulsory. Indeed nothing is compulsory: the House, like the country, is free.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN is said to be contemplating a general order making his own very high collars the rule; but until that happens Members may wear what they like. The fold-over is at present first favourite. By turning this pattern inside out it may be made serviceable for a second day. A bureau for the sale of collars and handkerchiefs has been opened just behind the SPEAKER's chair. Before leaving this subject it may be as well to remind new Members that special furs are associated with different Parliamentary groups. Thus, while astrachan is invariably affected by

Members in the "Birmingham zone," moleskin coats are the badge of the Labour Party, while waistcoats of chameleon skin are worn by Balfourites.

FOOD.

Food is provided in the House. Nosebags are not forbidden, but it would be idle to pretend that they are encouraged. The food provided in the House, no matter to what Party you belong, is taxed. In other words, you have to pay for it. No tea is served anywhere but on the Terrace, wet or fine. Hence, when the weather is very bad, tea is rarely drunk, even by the Chinese Labour Party. It is against the rules to have meals brought to you during

which is kept in an Aerated Bread Garage on the Clock Tower. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL comes on the back of his Vulture, but this is somewhat frowned at. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS rides a cow. Mr. JOHN BURNS is landed at the Terrace steps by a private Thames Steamer, of which he is both admiral and crew. Others use four-wheelers. The Labour Members are having a motor 'bus built for them, of which it is untrue to say that Sir CHARLES DILKE will be the driver. Odd how these rumours get about!

JOURNALISM.

Members are not allowed to be visited at intervals in their places in the House by printers' devils. Journalist M.P.'s will have to despatch their copy from the outer doors.

It has never been considered good form to review a book during the progress of a debate; but anything may happen in the new Parliament.

FORMS OF ADDRESS.

The PREMIER should be addressed as SIR HENRY, or, when terms of intimacy are established, as BANNERMAN. There is no need to say CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN every time. Do not say C.-B.

Mr. BRODRICK is not likely to be in Parliament just yet; but when he comes do not call him BRODDER.

Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS is known to his intimates as "BOB," and among the theatrical profession as "Old AKERS," but while he is official Leader of the Opposition undue familiarity is to be deprecated.

Before speaking to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN bow almost to the ground, and apologise for existing. This will make the interview easier, and, for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, more home-like.

A FEW GENERAL HINTS.

Be careful to distinguish between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who are really different persons.

Do not refer to Mr. BALFOUR (on his return) either as a Chamberlainite or a Balfourite. He is more subtle than that.

If you see a friend in the Strangers' Gallery, do not attempt to converse with him from the floor of the House while Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is speaking.

It is not considered good form to remove your boots during the course of an all-night sitting.

NEW READINGS OF OLD LINES.—"Journeys end in mothers' meetings."



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

CREDIT NOT HIM WHOSE TONGUE SPEAKETH WONDERS.

debates. If you are very hungry you must catch the SPEAKER's eye and ask leave to retire for refreshment; or pair with an equally hungry Tory.

LOCOMOTION.

It is not the thing for any Member to walk to the House; but it is absolutely forbidden to London Members, in all of whose constituencies are many honest hard-working cabmen. Here again personal taste dictates. One Member will come in his brougham, another in his motor car, a third in a hansom, a fourth on motor skates. The PRIME MINISTER is always drawn by a pair of high-steppers, harnessed together with a hyphen. The Member for the Ayr Burghs descends in an aeroplane,

OUR THEATRICALS.

THE first thing, of course, was a Committee Meeting. We met at Mrs. SOMERVILLE's, the lady who organises Extension Lectures, and knows all the really brainy people for miles round. SMITHERS was there, naturally; he comes of a theatrical family, having a cousin in a musical comedy somewhere on tour in Wales. Then there was BRITANNIA HOXTON, who gives Wild West recitations to the poor of the parish, after they have been fed and lectured on sanitation by Mrs. SOMERVILLE; and young TURNHAM GREEN, who, having been born with the artistic temperament, as he frequently explains, is incapacitated for any remunerative employment; and last, but not least in one sense only, little Miss GIPSY HILL, who possesses twenty-seven entirely different photographs of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON. Why GEORGE had been invited to take part I could not explain: certainly his qualifications for the stage were not so obvious as those of the others. But there he was, in his usual disgustingly high spirits, talking thirteen to the dozen to GIPSY, until Mrs. SOMERVILLE, somewhat tardily as I thought, called him to order. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, in her composite capacity of hostess, business-manager, chaperon, censor, advertising agent, and, as a rule, leading lady, did all the calling to order, though BARTHOLOMEW, the curate, was nominally in the chair. He had been installed in that position, not because he invariably went to see Mr. BENSON's Shakspearean Company whenever it visited the neighbourhood, but because he represented the Good Object. And the Good Object was important.

We were a talented company (excepting GEORGE), yet we could not trust the neighbourhood to turn up in any force to see us act, without the Good Object. So little diffused, I regret to say, is the love of Art for Art's sake.

Well, BARTHOLOMEW, having been formally requested by Mrs. SOMERVILLE to say a few words, remarked that we were all gathered together in the sacred cause of charity, and that charity covered a multitude of sins. Thereupon GEORGE, with that lack of reverence that distinguishes him, gave vent to an entirely pointless guffaw, and Mrs. SOMERVILLE, rising in the awkward silence that ensued, with a large manuscript in her hands, began by saying that, having talked the matter over with her husband—dear old SOMERVILLE was not present, but we all knew him and appreciated the pure formality of this opening—she had arrived at the conclusion that, having regard to the Good Object, we ought not to be unduly frivolous. At this moment a maid entered the room with tea. (*Hear, hear!*)



Smart Girl (to keen Motorist). "MY SISTER HAS BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL MOTOR-CAR."

Keen Motorist. "REALLY! WHAT KIND?"

Smart Girl. "OH, A LOVELY RAGE GREEN, TO GO WITH HER FROCKS."

Mrs. SOMERVILLE, sinking for the nonce the manager in the hostess, seated herself at the tea-table. Amidst the hubbub of small talk that followed I just caught a whisper that Mrs. SOMERVILLE had added to her other functions that of authoress, and was about to read to the company a play specially written for the occasion. Somebody said quite loudly, "How awfully clever of you!" And then GEORGE and GIPSY, who were sitting together in a remote corner (listening to GEORGE's verbosity) and could not possibly have had any notion of what was meant, turned round and echoed "How awfully clever of you!" in unison. The thought that GEORGE was leading that sweet young girl into disingenuous paths distressed me so much that I was able to pay but little attention to the play when, after tea, Mrs. SOMERVILLE did read it. But it was certainly not frivolous. The speeches in it were so lengthy that I was much relieved to find that she had allotted to me only the task of prompting. I was also pleased, for

the moment, when I heard that she had cast GEORGE, of all people, for the hero. Mrs. SOMERVILLE's weight is somewhat excessive for heroines, and the fellow who has to make love to her always looks a good deal of an ass. I pictured myself seated in the wing on the night, prompt-book on knee, chatting to GIPSY, and pointing out to her—what by that time, however, I trusted would be sufficiently self-evident—namely, how ridiculous a person GEORGE really was.

But from this delightful dream I was quickly awakened. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, presently handing out to everyone their parts, said sweetly to GIPSY, "I am going to retire in your favour, dear. I shall have quite enough to do without playing juvenile lead—and you know GEORGE quite well already, don't you?" What could have induced Mrs. SOMERVILLE to make such a departure from established precedent I could not imagine. Only the Good Object prevented my resigning my promptership on the spot.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE birth and the achievements of the Fourth Party form one of the most fascinating chapters in the political history of England during the last twenty-five years. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his *Life of his father* has illumined the episode with commanding art. Shortly on his footsteps treads the son of another member of the historic Party. In preparing the records of *The Fourth Party* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. HAROLD GORST has had the assistance of his father, who states in a brief preface that he has placed at the disposal of the author his recollections of the past, and such documents as remain in his possession. Sir HENRY WOLFF, reading and revising the proofs, contributes a letter in which he demurs to what Mr. HAROLD GORST describes as "the surrender" to Lord SALISBURY when the defeat of Mr. GLAISTONE, in 1885, opened the way for what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN irreverently described as the Stopgap Government. Mr. GORST's account of the turn of events which brought Lord RANDOLPH into the Cabinet points to its having been conceived and carried out behind the back of Sir JOHN GORST, in violation of an understanding that upon matters of such moment the Party as a whole—they were not embarrassingly numerous—should be consulted. Sir HENRY WOLFF objects alike to the use of the word "surrender" and to the inference that Lord RANDOLPH played for his own hand without consulting his colleagues. The reader will form his own judgment on a case he will find plainly stated. It is unquestioned that at this epoch there arose a state of tension between Lord RANDOLPH and Sir JOHN GORST which was never fully eased. My Baronite finds in the book a side-light on an interesting episode.

Those weary souls of generous intent who have set out to buy a present for dear So-and-So, and who stand surfeited and bewildered in that Aladdin's cave the book-shop, may possibly be saved much mental tension and distress by enquiring out-of-hand for a production of Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK, not undeservedly named *The Beautiful Birthday Book*. Among birthday books, and they are legion, this claims high rank—a veritable aristocrat.

Carefully chosen extracts from great writers face the opening of each month, and the colour-printed illustrations by Miss GERTRUDE DEMAIN-HAMMOND, scattered through the book, have irresistible freshness and charm. Messrs. BLACK did well for their venture when they called in the aid of an illustrator of so much freedom and good taste. She has put of her best into the work, and, in view of her record since she carried off the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy, this is high praise, but not too high. The binding, minor decoration, and general setting of the book are excellent.

In a modest Foreword Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN sets forth the purpose he had in view in writing *The Africander Land* (JOHN MURRAY). It was to present a picture, brought up to date by personal observation, of the actual conditions prevailing in South Africa, showing the inter-relations of each section of political or social life, of each difficult problem, and their place in the current of Imperial affairs. The task has been accomplished with a measure of success that places the treatise in the front rank of studies of this important subject. To its accomplishment Mr. COLQUHOUN has brought the essential equipment of an impartial mind. Industrious, doggedly, going down to the root of the matter, he is able to describe and trace to its causes the growth of the over-spreading tree. At home just now the question of Chinese labour absorbs public attention when it is turned towards South Africa. Mr. COLQUHOUN, from personal observation, shows that the lot of the yellow immigrant is not nearly so black as it is painted by politicians in the heat of a General Election. The labour trouble began before the Chinaman

arrived, and will prevail after he has departed. South Africa is not a white man's country in the sense that he can there earn a living by the work of his hands. That premised, Mr. COLQUHOUN states the whole case in one of his luminous passages. There are, he says, three great labour markets: the mines, agriculture, and domestic service. It is impossible accurately to estimate the demand for domestic service. But between them the mines require the daily labour of 782,000 men, whilst the total number of South African natives, ready and (moderately) willing to work is 474,472, leaving a shortage of 307,528. There is the crux of the South African question. Desperate effort has been made to meet it. It has failed. A suggestion is not yet forthcoming of a substitute. This is only one of the Africander problems touched with enlightening hand by Mr. COLQUHOUN. My Baronite respectfully recommends the work to the study of the new Colonial Minister and his brilliant Under Secretary. When they have read it they will have a fuller and juster appreciation of the most complex of the important problems by which their Department is confronted.

The Choice of Emelia, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a novel of varied character and strong dramatic incident. At its very commencement the personality of the heroine arrests the attention of the reader, who will anxiously follow her fortunes throughout her chequered career. The striking melodramatic scenes of the story are the logical outcome of the evil agencies at work in characters that will not appear the least over-charged when judged by the standard of experience in criminal cases. The style of writing is simple and emphatic, the narration lucid; and though the *dénouement* is somewhat sudden, being in the nature of a surprise, yet is the leading up to it so artistically managed that we welcome the end as the only legitimate and satisfactory finish to an absorbing story.



"The Envy of 'the Gods.'"

WHEN a Roman General took his triumph, it was considered a healthy corrective to remind him that he was mortal. A Socialist gentleman, writing in *The Clarion*, goes a step further and seizes the occasion of the overwhelming triumph of the Liberal Party to inform the world that "Liberalism is dead." The news comes as a great disappointment to C.-B. Tory M.P.'s, on the other hand, do not attempt to conceal their satisfaction, and are preparing obsequies upon a generous and even Neroic scale, and will themselves provide one mourner to every two and a-half corpses.

Humours of the Polls.

Voter (addressing the two polling clerks). Dang me if I knows which on 'ee to vote for. Y' see, I never clapped eyes on either on 'ee afore!

Polling Clerk (handing voting paper to cannie Northumberland Pitman). Now just make a cross after the name of the man you want to get in.

Cannie Pitman. Dee what? Dee ye think a canna write? Crosses an' sich like are aa reeght for them as has never been to school; but a have, an' a's gaan to write ma name, an' shew a's not afeerd to let 'em see a'm on the reeght side.

[Does so and spoils voting paper.]